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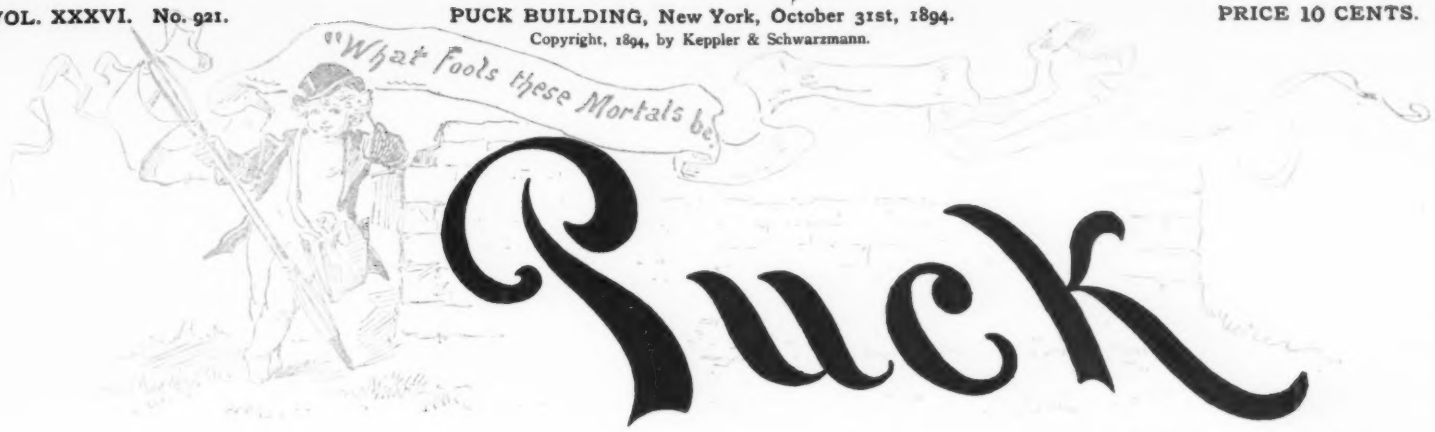

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Puck's Presidential Impossibility.

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THE POLITICAL PEANUT VENDER.

PUCK

HER LETTER.

AH! HERE 'S the answer to my note
In which I asked her to be mine.
If she but favor what I wrote
I 'll kneel forever at her shrine.

I wish she wrote more plainly. What?
Oh, yes!—"I got your note to-day,
And hasten to — to — say —"
Great Scott!
What *is* it that she hastes
to say?

"That though we were dear friends"— Of course,
I might have known 't would end like this —
"I never thought of love."— I 'll force
Behind me this short dream of bliss.

"So that your declaration quite
Surprises me, I must confess.
I 'll think about it over night."
Well, that means "No," then, — "P. S.—Yes."

James G. Burnett.

CHANCE IS the factor to which other men owe their success.

THE LORD takes care of his own; — but the church trustees still put lightning rods on the steeple.

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POOR MATERIAL.

BRUSCH. — Not at work to-day, I see?

PALET. — No; I mix my paints with brains, but after luring in and killing two art critics, I still have an insufficient supply.

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AN AWFUL PLIGHT.

MRS. NEWED. — I am in an awful fix, Mama.

MRS. EAGLEBEAK. — What is the matter, dear?

MRS. NEWED. — I went through George's pockets last night to hunt for change, as you advised me to, and I found some letters I gave him to post last week; and now I dare n't scold about the letters for fear he 'll scold about my going through his pockets.

THE LAST MESSAGE.

Upon the field of battle a soul struggled to free itself from the mortal clay.

A pale, set face stared ghastly into space.

"Tell her — "

The livid lips moved feebly.

"— I loved — loved — "

The words were lost. The heart was still. The spirit had departed. The game was finished with a substitute at right tackle.

HER HOUR OF TRIAL.

In the auburn locks that clustered about her brow the delicate lines of silver were plentiful.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" she moaned.

Her large, expressive eyes were full of anguish.

"The only — "

Her voice choked with sobs.

"— support of a widowed mother."

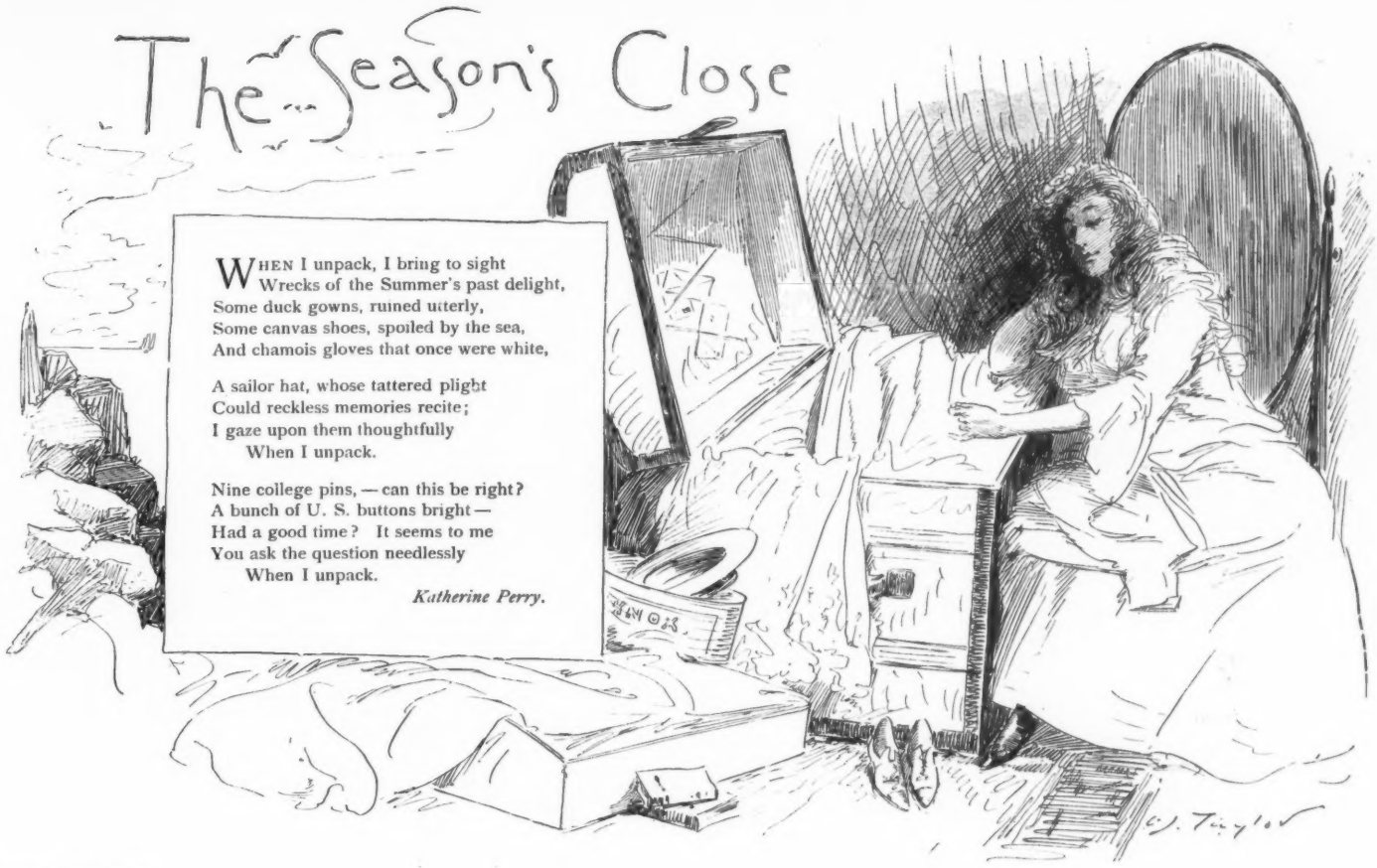
Hot tears coursed down her cheeks and splashed upon the broken corsets, which were obviously the subject of her remarks.

VANITY IS of as many different varieties as there are people.

POVERTY IS a blessing one never begrudges an enemy.

THE BICYCLE habit is fastened
Upon the modern maid;
But, whether by suspenders
Or pins can not be said.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



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REVENGE IS SWEET.

A DESPERATE MAN stood on the bridge, looking down into the awful abyss below. His haggard face and blood-shot eyes showed that he had passed through a painful process. In the battle of life he had been Li Hung Changed by a large majority.

"It is over," he muttered between teeth that he had clenched for the purpose; "it is over, and I have lost. Beaten and broke, there is nothing left for me but the fatal plunge. It will be a poor revenge on the world, but here goes —"

A soft hand was placed on his shoulder, a benevolent-looking man drew him back, and in a mellow voice said:

"You were talking of taking your life."

"Yes."

"As a revenge upon man for his cruelty to you?"

"That was my —"

"Your intention, yes; but the world laughs at a man who commits suicide. Don't make away with yourself, but let me point you the road to a nobler revenge."

"Tell me what it is, and I am your slave forever."

"I will give you the state agency for a patent collar-button."

The hard, drawn look faded from the eyes of the would-be suicide. He sank on one knee and murmured, "My benefactor!"

James Gray.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

MAMA.—Take this medicine now, like a good boy. The doctor says it will make you better.

JOHNNY.—What does he know? Did n't he vaccinate me twice and it never took?

IF WE should all follow the precept "Know thyself," some of us would merely add to our list of undesirable acquaintances.

AN APHORISM FROM THE BOWERY.

Now, dis is straight, jest take my tip,
De mug wot chucks a bluff
Is seldom onct de geezer
Wot is backed up wid *de stuff.*

R. L. M.

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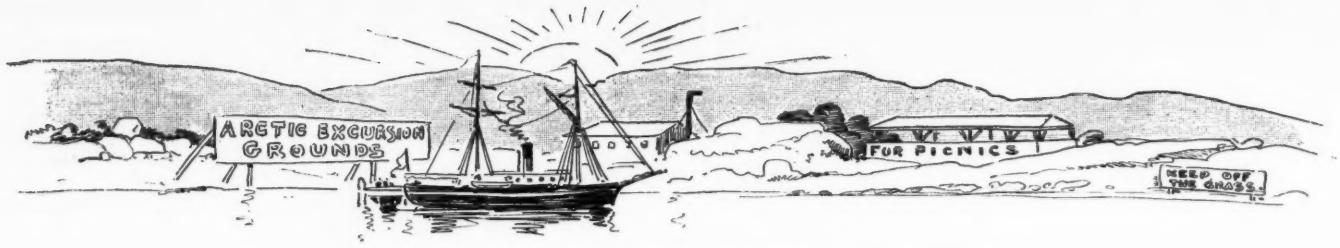
A PLEASANT SIGHT.

NEIGHBOR.—What 's all this fire about, Mrs. Burnupsky?

MRS. BURNUPSKY.—Why, Popper gan't pe moved from ter house, undt ter toctor say ve must gif him bleasure of some kind. Dot vas a reproduction of his store vot he haf feefty tousandt tollars insurance on.



THE FIN DE SIÈCLE ARCTIC EXPLORER.

(Extracts from the Private Diary of the Eminent Arctic Explorer, Lieutenant Queery, covering his Perilous Voyage to the Far North.)

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1st. — The receipts at a quarter a head, for viewing my staunch little craft, fell to $6.50 to-day. As a bit of realism I have had a gang of laborers to wheel supplies on board during the day. By wheeling them off again at night the same boxes and bales have lasted the entire two weeks. They are becoming battered, however, and this, together with the decrease in receipts convinces me that the time has come to "push on to the Frozen North" as we Arctic explorers say.

AUGUST 2nd. — Net receipts to-day only $2.25. Have at last completed all preparations for weighing anchor to-morrow. Have collected the money for the testimonial I wrote to the Hygienic Underwear man, signed the contract with the *Daily Guff* for the letters I am to write about life at the Pole, and settled about the rescuing party, which is not to start until I telegraph that I am definitely lost. Also returned to the city dog-catcher the dogs he had rented to me as "the noble animals that will draw daring Lieutenant Queery into the Heart of the Arctic Circle."

HEADQUARTERS, GREENLAND, SEPT. 15th. — At last we are in camp after an eventful voyage marked by a succession of distressing accidents. When only two weeks out our ice cream freezer was broken beyond repair; we missed our mail on two successive days, thus having to do without the daily papers, and my typewriter got out of order so that I had to write out by hand my first installment of copy for the *Guff*. Truly, the life of the Arctic explorer is fraught with annoyance and hardship.

SEPT. 17th. — The natives here are thoroughly dishonest. Yesterday three of them robbed my ice chest of its contents, consisting of Charlotte Russe and *pâté de foie gras*.

SEPT. 28th. — Life here is one round of vexations. To-day the electric fans refused to work, and we have been obliged to use the clumsy, old-fashioned palm leaf article. The piano tuner has neglected to call for two weeks; there is a leak in the gas meter, one of my best men was sunstruck while out picking wild flowers, and my new lawn-mower was stolen. This is what it means to leave civilization behind.

SEPT. 29th. — As this is the first month with an R in it, I ordered a barrel of oysters, but the ice-man failed to come for two days and I have been obliged to use them for fish bait. Had a fire built to-night, as the evenings are getting chilly. Severely scorched one of my feet on the Acme parlor coal stove, while writing about life at the Pole. One of my donkeys succumbed to the heat to-day while carrying my batch of *Daily Guff* copy to the post-office, only three blocks away.

OCT. 1st. — To-day traded my heavy hygienic underwear off to a man named Levi Walruski, who is about to start for New York, securing in exchange some fine gauze underwear and two suits of China silk pajamas.

OCT. 10th. — One of my force, Michael Grogan by name, resigned to-day, to accept a job as watchman in a cold storage warehouse. He has always lived heretofore in a Harlem flat and has become so inured to cold and hardship that the mild climate and easy life here have deranged his system. He has suffered intensely from prickly heat.

OCT. 20th. — To-day my best pair of white duck trousers and a Panama hat were stolen. I suspect a native carpenter who has been about the house for several days, putting screens in the windows and doors.

OCT. 21st. — Became frightfully sunburned yesterday while lying on the beach in my bathing-suit.

OCT. 24th. — The long six-months' night has set in. It makes me homesick for Philadelphia; everything is so quiet. The men have struck for higher wages, on the ground that night-work is always paid extra.

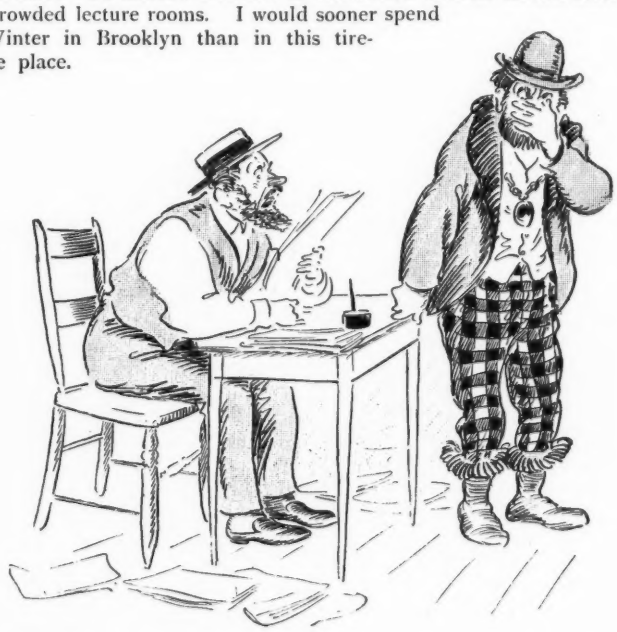
NOV. 1st. — One of my men became insane to-day. Poor fellow! He came to me and quite soberly proposed that we should take a sledge and some dogs and push north with the idea of finding the Pole. I soothed him as best I could, reminding him that we would surely catch cold. Had him placed in the Labrador County Insane Asylum.

NOV. 15th. — Great excitement hereabouts to-day. A local museum exhibited a man from a northern county who claimed to have had his feet frost-bitten. The fraud was soon discovered. He was suffering from hives.

JAN. 1st. — How little the unthinking world recks of the suffering of the Arctic explorer! For two weeks I have had a severe attack of writer's cramp. Fortunately they were the two weeks during which I was supposed to be lost. The *Daily Guff* has doubtless been saying that "grave apprehensions are felt for the safety of this hardy and intrepid explorer." I shall telegraph the rescuing party to come ahead at once.

MARCH 15th. — A native bunco-steerer called on me to-day and asked in his vulgar way what "lay" I was on. I explained the nature of my trip and read him several of the *Guff* articles, describing the supposed dangers of my stay here. He wept like a child, and declared, with genuine gratitude in his tones, that he never before realized the possibilities of his profession.

JULY 20th. — The rescuing party arrived to-day. What would have been a most awkward culmination of the affair was narrowly averted. The party was expected on the 10:30 Limited Arctic Express. I had donned the suit of furs in which I was to be found, when I discovered that my box of grease paints had been mislaid. My gouty foot prevented a rapid search for it, and it was only about twenty minutes before train time that I discovered it in a trunk that had been stored in the Summer-house, together with the property pemmican and the rubber boot on which I am supposed to have subsisted while lost. I had just time to make up my face as a haggard, half-starved explorer, when the party was announced. The rescue passed off happily. Thank heaven, this trying experience is at an end! To-morrow I return to civilization with its liberal editors and its crowded lecture rooms. I would sooner spend a Winter in Brooklyn than in this tiresome place.



EN ROUTE, AUGUST 1st. — I have put in my spare time since embarking, in reading up on Arctic explorers in general. Have been especially interested in the account of an old stuff named Sir John Franklin, who actually froze to death up North. I don't understand it. He must have slept out in the snow. But there was no telegraph in those days, so he could n't have been much of an explorer, after all. I can't find that he lectured or charged admission to his ship. How droll these narratives seem! Truly this is an age of progress, and Arctic exploration has become as safe as tiddle-de-winks, if you are a good bluffer.

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HIS DEFENSE.

SHE.—I am afraid you are somewhat insincere. I heard you ask Miss Jones to sing something else, and I happen to know that you don't admire her voice.

HE.—Well; I knew we had only a choice between something else and the same thing over again.

PERSISTENCY.

"DO YOU write poems, my child?" asked he;
"I try to do that," said I.
"And do you expect to make it pay?"
"Well, sir, I can only try."

"There are thousands who write,
my child," said he;
"Your chances are slim, indeed."
"I know there are thousands who
write," said I,
"But millions there are who read."

EQUIPPED FOR THE FRAY.

WING.—Do you think women should take part in politics?

KING.—Well, some women possess one important qualification for political success.

WING.—What is that?

KING.—Barrels of money.

MOTHERLY SOLICITUDE.

The cannibal family gathered around the bountiful board.

"I understand," the father casually observed, "that this is the cadaver of a millionaire."

The mother started in sudden apprehension.

"Now, children," she exclaimed, "don't forget what I told you about overloading your stomachs with rich food."

THEY WONDER that her brother is n't fonder of the maid,
And if she were their sister, how they 'd love her! oft they say;
But he doubts it, for if, like him, at her home all day they staid,
They would listen to her practicing, instead of hear her play!

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ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL.

PIPKIN.—I made a kick to old Scruge to-day for a raise of salary.

POTTS.—How did you come out?

PIPKIN.—I won my point; he promised not to cut me down!

CONTRASTS.

THE GIRL with the fair young cheek, as sweet
As flower o' the peach, and lips aglow,
Wears a rough straw hat, with a bunch of wheat,
And, may be, a ribbon loop, or so; —

While the woman who shudders to count the years
That shut her far from youth's sylvan bowers,
Will crown the hat in which she appears
With a garden of Springtime buds and flowers.

Madeline S. Bridges.

PROGRESS.

FIRST BROOKLYNITE. — I tell you, Brooklyn is growing rapidly!

SECOND BROOKLYNITE. — I should say so! The rooms in some of the new flats remind you of Harlem!

ROUSED THE CELTIC IRE.

INDIGNANT CITIZEN. — What is that great brute of an Irish policeman clubbing that inoffensive little man so for?

SYMPATHIZING BYSTANDER. — Sure, the fool said he would go along peaceably.

A PROFESSIONAL REASON.

EDITOR. — Here you have brought me an article on the salmon. How can you expect it to go when the salmon season is over?

AUTHOR. — Why, because canned salmon goes all the year round. See?

THE SAME woman who laughed at you with riches, will smile with you at poverty — if she takes the notion.

IT IS the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs so much that we can't afford to take a second.

THE COMPETITION of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for charity.

LIKED THE SOUND.

FINNICUS. — I can not understand what satisfaction it can be for Mrs. Gableigh to talk as she does to that deaf old Waxton. He can't hear a word she says.

WITTICUS. — No; but she can.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

TOM DE WITT. — There 's an awfully good-looking girl.

REGGY WESTEND *(dubiously)*. — U'm; I don't think so.

TOM DE WITT. — By Jove! She 's smiling at you. You 've made an impression, old man!

REGGY WESTEND. — Think so? Oh! I say; she 's deuced pretty, is n't she?

NOT EMPTY-HANDED.

AMBULANCE SURGEON *(reporting)*. — Nothing in that last call. Feller was insensible from drink. Brought him to with ammonia and come back.

HOUSE SURGEON. — But you 've got a case in the wagon there.

AMBULANCE SURGEON *(carelessly)*. — Oh, that 's a feller we run over coming back!

KEEP OFF THE GRASS — Lawn Mowers.

"VIRTUE LENDS dignity to a man, — but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie.

ALL THE world 's a stage, and nearly all the players consider themselves first-class dramatic critics.

A VICTIM OF DISOBEDIENCE.

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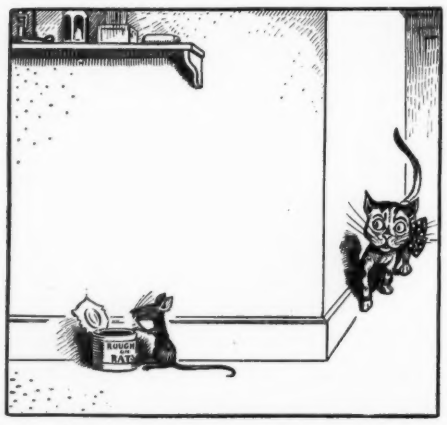
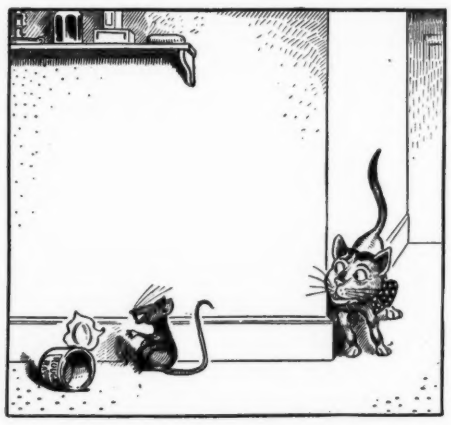
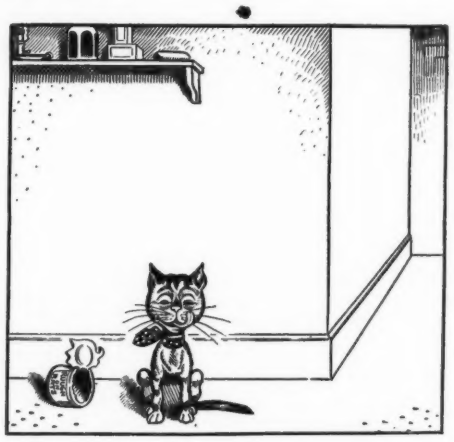
MAIDEN. — I wish my Tabby never to eat nasty rats and mice. This stuff will kill them.



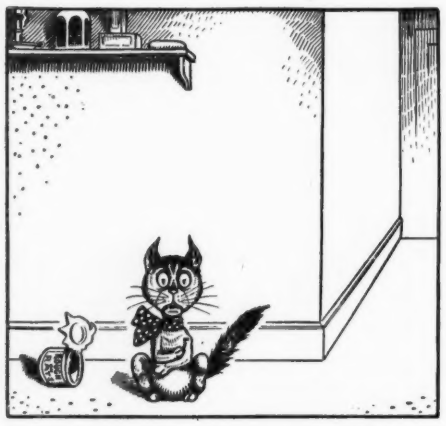
MOUSE. — Great whiskers! That 's the best stuff I 've ever tasted!



TABBY. — Oh, say! This is a dead cinch. She 'll never know I ate it, either.



"What a fine flavor that fellow had!



"Heavens! Kidney stew never made me feel this way."

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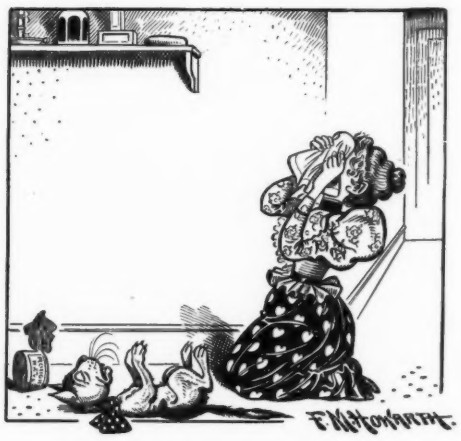

MAIDEN. — Oh! why was I so careless?

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, October 31st, 1894. — No. 921.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

POLITICS FOR REVENUE ONLY.

THE ACTION of the Louisiana planters who have moved in a body from the Democratic to the Republican camp is a most frank and shameless avowal of their utter indifference to the ordinary respectabilities and decencies of politics. Most men make at least a pretence of basing their party affiliations on some question of principle. A man may have no better reason for calling himself a Republican or a Democrat than that his father belonged to that party, or that most of his friends and associates belong to it. But even when a man has so poor a foundation for the faith that he pretends is in him, common self-respect will generally induce him to claim a reasonable interest in the principles which his party professes. This is so well understood as an obligation of conscience, that even the man who bolts his ticket from sheer dislike of the men on it takes the step with reluctance, and only when it can be clearly held justifiable by the obvious betrayal of the party's interests. No man can be held bound to vote for a candidate who misrepresents his party; and public opinion justifies the man who uses his own judgement on such subjects. That sort of bolting may excite a natural anger, but it can not excite contempt.

* * *

But contempt is the only emotion which the action of the Louisiana planters can excite in the breast of any decent Republican or Democrat. They bolt not because they think the principles of their party have been betrayed by its leaders; not because they can accuse those leaders of corruption or incompetence; but simply and solely because they want to use such and such an amount of Government bounty in their business — and their party refuses to give it to them. They make their move quite frankly and openly, and the revelation of the sordidness of their motives gives them no concern whatever. They are out for Government bounty and they don't care who knows it. They have no political principles about them, and they don't want any. They want Government bounty, and they will vote for any party that is willing to pay for their vote. If the Populist Party, or the Greenback Party, or the Prohibition Party, or the A. P. A. Party had stood in a better position to deal with them than the Republican Party, they would have joined the most promising one of the lot. Their allegiance to the party which they have insulted by their new adherence is dependent entirely upon the willingness of that party to meet their demands for a share of the Government funds. Any Republican who is a Republican by principle and predilection will know how to estimate the value of such allegiance. They are worth just as much to the party as so many blackmailers — so much and no more. And nothing could more forcibly illustrate the demoralizing effect of the vicious special legislation, which teaches business men to become Government paupers. Never, since the Civil War developed the hideous business of bounty-jumping, has there been such a disgraceful exhibition of shameless lack of patriotism and principle as that which has just been offered by the Louisiana bounty-grabbers.

AS TO PARTY LOYALTY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17th, 1894.

EDITOR PUCK. Dear Sir:

—It has been with surprise and disappointment that I have seen PUCK adopt an attitude of hostility to the Democratic ticket, especially at this time when the life of the party and the principles for which it has been fighting are at stake. Although I have always been a supporter of Cleveland against Hill, I think that at this time all differences should be healed and old issues forgotten. If the Republican Party succeeds in this election it will put back the cause of Tariff revision, for which you are fighting, more than it has gained the last five years, — and all this merely to supplant one who is at least his own "Boss" with a weak tool of a worse "Boss."

I have always heartily endorsed PUCK'S politics, and it is so much the worse disappointment to see it so much out of the way.

Yours very truly, *C. F. Winans.*

Your surprise and disappointment, Mr. Winans, at our stand in this campaign, are most surprising to us. Your surprise shows that you have not read PUCK with understanding, for you have not learned that PUCK stands for principles, — not for men. And your disappointment shows you to have about as thorough a misconception of the campaign's real issues as a man well could have. This is a campaign in which party names and party lines mean nothing. The real contest, for us, is not between Democrats and Republicans but between decent Democrats and corrupt Democrats. The party has been weakened and discredited by Hill and his like. Its most pressing need is to rid itself of them, or, at least, to deprive them of their influence. The first step to this end is to defeat D. B. Hill at the coming election. Such action will be the most cheering proof of the life of the party. Mr. Hill ably represents all that is vile in politics. He is selfish and tricky and dishonest. If the Democratic Party should elect him Governor of this State it would approve of corruption and declare its inability to win by honest ways. His defeat will mean that it still has a healthy love for decency. Upon this issue the Democracy of New York is to be tried. If Mr. Hill is defeated, the Democratic Party will do it and thereby achieve a great moral victory. The party needs just this defeat to purge it of Hillism, which means dishonesty for selfish ends, defiance of the courts, sale of offices, and bossism. And if the Republican Party has left the people no alternative but the election of "the weak tool of a worse boss," you may be sure that that party will have to shoulder the blame in the end. As Democrats, it is none of our funeral. No shortcoming of the Republican candidate can relieve us of our duty to put Mr. Hill out in the cold, where he belongs. The Democratic Party has suffered misfortunes enough. It can not afford to elect Mr. Hill. Enlightened party loyalty will seek his defeat. It will be a childish, short-sighted, mistaken loyalty that seeks his election. If "the life of the party and the principles for which it has been fighting" depend upon its approval of the one man who has steadily opposed all Democratic reforms, the only Democrat who worked and voted against tariff revision, and, withal, the most unscrupulous politician of his day, it is time the fight were given up.

GOT IT.

LEMON.—The boss wanted proof that I was a walking delegate.
SELTZER.—What proof did he ask?
LEMON.— He wanted to see me walk.

SINCE WOMEN took to bloomers
And threw their skirts away,
The plans of mice, if not of men,
Gang aftener agley.

THE POLITICAL URIAH HEEP.

OLD MRS. HILL - MACHINE *(in a cautious whisper).* — Be 'umble, David! Oh, be werry 'umble!

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THE BOUNTY JUMPER OF 1894.

CAPT. CLEVELAND. — Subsidies were the price of his party allegiance! Take him, — you 're welcome to him!

TARIFF REFORM
PROHIBITORY PROTECTION
REPUBLICAN PARTY
DEMOCRACY
EX-SUBSIDIZED SUGAR PLANTER.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

THE CAPTAIN was turning out the squad. The roll had been called from Cassidy to Coogan. The last husky "Here!" had echoed through the station-house, and the men stood silent, awaiting "instructions." The vibrations from the last great shake-up could yet be felt, and mutely they listened for the Old Man's words of admonition.

They had not long to wait. True, the lately added lines of care seemed deeply seared in Captain Fatwad's open countenance; his nervousness was shown by the dark marks about the mouth, where he had crocked himself in dyeing his moustache, but there was no tremor in his voice when he spoke.

"Men," he said, "it has been openly and freely charged, and so far without contradiction, that the police force, from top to bottom, is venal and corrupt; that we are the subsidized satraps of organized evil-doing; that to us the thief, thug and dive-keeper look for the protection for which they pay; that vice and crime run rampant through the town, and violence and assault make it unsafe to walk our streets by night or day; and that this is the result of a co-partnership in crime between the law-breakers and a police force reeking with corruption and rotten with blackmail to its very core!

"But, men, we of the Steenth Precinct will hurl the foul accusation back into the teeth of these vile calumniators! We will show by deeds, not words, that no one can voluntarily flout in our faces his disregard for law and order. Be argus-eyed and vigilant; look for violators of the law as you never looked before, — and if you catch any without a pull, soak 'em!"

Well do the criminal classes remember that day when the police of the 'Steenth Precinct rose in their might and suppressed lawlessness with an iron hand.

Not a man, woman or child stood on the corner five minutes, but was told firmly and decisively to "move on." Four little girls were arrested for dancing in the street to the music of a hand-organ; twenty-eight Italian fruit venders, for keeping their push carts over fifteen minutes in one place, were jerked up; eighteen boys were caught red-handed in the act of playing ball on a vacant lot; an old woman, who audaciously dusted a mat out of a third-story window, felt also the strong arm of the law; and officer 4,11,44 shot a dog.

With such a record as this for one day, the Lexow Committee did not dare to point the finger of accusation at the efficient and conscientious captain of the 'Steenth Precinct. And when he had laid aside the savings of two years, from his salary of twenty-seven hundred a year, to purchase a ninety thousand-dollar house on upper Fifth Avenue, slander did not dare to show its hydra-head, and the *Police Chronicle* published his portrait over the caption: "Captain Fatwad, the Peerless Pantata of the 'Steenth Precinct, Whose Name is a Terror to Evil Doers."

R. L. M.

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A NEW ARTICLE.

HAROLD GROSGRAIN.—This, Madam, is the very latest material.

MRS. SCHOPPEN.—Are you sure it is the latest?

HAROLD GROSGRAIN.—Yes, Madam; we haven't even had time to mark it down.

IN A BARBAROUS LAND.

The torturer stood over him menacingly, the glittering blade bared. "Perhaps if I plead with him he will spare me," was the victim's thought. But terror kept him silent, while the barber anointed him with bay rum, hair tonic, lavender water, vaseline, pomatum and brillantine.

However, there was a Turkish bath in the next block.

MARSHALLING THE FORCES.

"Is Point with Pride present?"
"Yes, sir."
"Is the Finger of Scorn here?"
"He is."
"Arraign and Condemn?"
"Both present."
"Denounce?"
"Here."
"Heartily approve?"
"Present."
"Declare Our Adherence?"
"Here."
"Proudly Reaffirm?"
"On Deck."
"Hounds of the Opposition?"
"All here."
"Iniquitous Legislation?"
"Right here."
"Welfare of the Country?"
"Present."
"Spoliation and Robbery?"
"Here."
"Genuine Reform?"
"Present."
"Then the campaign is hereby officially declared open."

William Henry Siviter.

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TOO REALISTIC.

LITTLE WILLIE.—Boo—ho—oo!

FOND MOTHER *(suddenly appearing)*.—Good gracious, Children! What 's the matter? What are you playing at?

LITTLE WILLIE *(sobbing)*.—We 're playin' at bein' p'licemen, and Johnny Bloxam's the Captain; an' he says he 'll club the stuffin' out o' me if I don't give him the two dollars out of my missionary box.

WISDOM IS the faculty of knowing what delusion one is happiest in believing.

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A CRITICISM.

MR. COHN.—Dis modern sgool-teachings vas no goodt. Dose bupils haf to forget schoost about halluf vot dey learns ven dey goes into pusiness. Here 's Ikey learnin' percentage at von, two, dree, four, fife und six per cent., ven he 'll neffer haf to use less dan sefen ven he goes into pusiness.

LITTLE IKEY.—Yes, Fadder; but it 'll gome in handy ven you seddle mit your greditors.

SHOULD HAVE DONE IT BEFORE.

HAVERLY.—What do you think of a man's marrying his mother-in-law after his wife 's death?

AUSTEN.—He ought to have married her in the start; then he would n't have had any to marry.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

At the milliner's hung a hat very fair
And Mrs. Blinker prayed for it.
The powers immortal answered her prayer—
But Mr. Blinker paid for it!

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GREAT LUCK.

INNKEEPER.—Have any luck?
SPORTSMAN.—Yes;—Poorshot, there, missed me twice.

THE BLOT REMOVED.

The duke's manner was visibly constrained in the presence of his affianced.

"I can not marry into a family," he was saying, as gently as possible, "whose wealth was accumulated in trade."

She trembled in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"Do you lay that imputation upon my house, your grace?" she asked.

He bowed sadly.

"'T is false!" she shrieked. "The money that came over the bar only paid expenses. The profit was all in the nickel-in-the-slot machine."

"Darling, can you ever forgive me?" he exclaimed, sinking upon one knee.

"Edward!"

WHEN a man has more money than he needs, he invariably feels that he needs more than he 's got.

THE DIVORCE-COURT is too frequently the stage door.

A FAILURE HISTRIONIC
Impended o'er her head,
Until she learned to elevate
Her foot up there instead.

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A DIFFERENCE OF TASTE.

MRS. LISTON WELLE.—Don't you think Miss Thumpford is playing that *nocturne* through too fast?

MR. A. BOARDMAN.—Too fast!—good heavens, Madam! She *can't* play it through too fast to suit me!

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Mrs. Weeds was married on Friday, and in less than a year she was a widow.

MRS. WABASH.—Now she will probably want to be married thirteen times, to see how that would affect her luck.

HE REPROACHES HER.

HE.—You upbraid me for losing money on the races—*you?*

SHE.—And why should not I?

HE.—Yet I recall one blissful moment, not so long ago, when we stood together beneath the silent stars, and you said that no stroke of adverse fortune could ever draw from your lips one complaining word!

A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

CUSTOMER.—These are the best cigars you have, eh?
DEALER.—Those are the kind I give to the policeman on the beat.

HEARD IN THE MART.

"What are your opinions as to the Fall trade?"

"I have n't any. I 'm out of the bicycle business now."—*Washington Star.*

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

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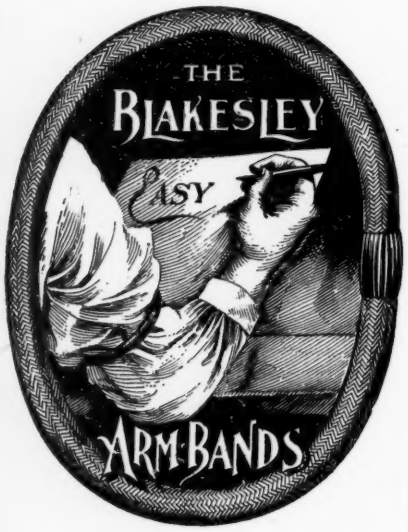

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—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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THREE YEARNINGS.

MAN FROM BOSTON.—If Mars has inhabitants we might learn from them.

MAN FROM NEW YORK.—If Mars has inhabitants we might sell to them.

MAN FROM CHICAGO.—If Mars has inhabitants we might borrow from them.—*Truth.*

SOME men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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The Ypsilanti Union Suits

have entirely superseded the old style Shirts and Drawers, because they *cannot* **roll up** the back or **fall down** over the hips. They combine perfect fit, with freedom of motion. Send for our New Book on Underwear for Men, entitled

"Modern Underwear and How to Wear It."

It is Free.

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YPSILANTI, MICH.

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A SOLUTION.

BIERSTEIN *(who has a local reputation for stinginess, to his bartender).*—Ach, Himmel! Gustave, vy did you ledt dot poy in mit a gan on a Sunday like dis ven der police vas so strickt?

LITTLE JOHNNY COOGAN.—Aw, gimme good measure! If I met a dozen cops, den dey 'll never t'ink I got 'er here.

YOU WILL LIKE IT,

EVERYBODY LIKES IT THAT TRIES IT.

MAIL * POUCH.

THE FAVORITE CHEW AND SMOKE.

NICOTINE, THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE, NEUTRALIZED.

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"WHEN er man ain' got 'nough character ter be impo'htant no uddah way," remarked Uncle Eben, "he does de bes' he kin ter 'tract 'tention ter hisse'f by bein' er nuisance."—*Washington Star.*

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Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila

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WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.

TRAMP.—Can you let me have a pair of old shoes?

LADY OF THE HOUSE.—No; but wait till I call my husband. I think he can let you have a new boot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN a man marries a second time, he always makes an excuse of some kind to his friends.—*Atchison Globe.*

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SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

MR. OLDBEAU. — Now, please don't give me that old chestnut about being a sister—

MISS VERA YOUNG. —You mistake me, sir; I was merely about to remark that I am willing to be a widow to you. — *Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

NOT AN AUTHORITY.

HOOKLEY. — How do you think a lady should dress for bicycle riding?

HODLEY. — I don't know; I never saw a lady dress. — *Boston News.*

CUPID never grows old, which is fortunate, considering the limited condition of his wardrobe.—*West Union Gazette.*

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for all afflicted with
TORTURING SKIN DISEASES
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SUSPICIOUS.

HE *(bitterly).* — No one understands me. What can I do?
SHE *(solicitously).* — Have you ever been an elevated railway guard?

HABIT.

"There's a bonnet," said the Editor's wife, "that is a perfect poem."

"Yes," he replied, absent mindedly; "but we never pay for poetry."—*Washington Star.*

THE BOY'S TASTES.

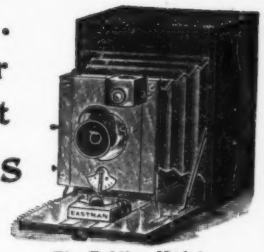
AUNT. — Do you like to drive a horse?

BOY. — Yep; if he is n't too gentle.
—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

UNCLE. — What have you learned at school to-day, Robby?

ROBBY. — Just how to take the back off my history and fix a real good Indian story into it, so the teacher can't find out that I ain't studying.—*Inter Ocean.*

The . . Amateur Camerist Begins Well



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and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

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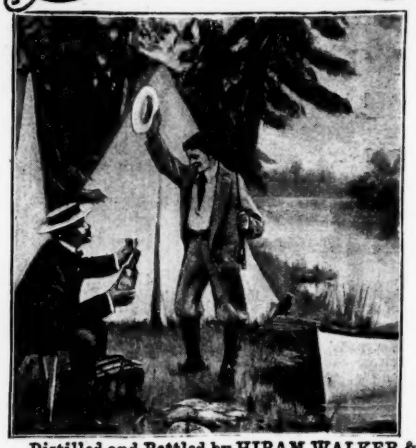

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Taken before BREAKFAST
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WHY?

I wonder why I never get an answer to my "ad."?
I have n't had one single one,—it really is too bad.
Without a girl I can't go out, but still must stay in-doors,
To cook and sweep and do besides all of the other chores.
I don't believe that servant girls read newspapers at all;
For six times I've inserted this,—I yet have one to call:

WANTED—A girl to do housework in small family. Must not be good-looking. Liberal wages.
MRS. NEWBRIDE, 210 X Ave.

And why is it Jack laughs at this and says: "I 'll tell you flat, *Whirld* Wants work wonders, but they 'll bring no girl to answer *that!*"

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

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TOMMY SIXYEAROLD.—I 'm going to be a train robber when I get bigger.

TOMMY'S SISTER.—What are you going to sell? Candy and fruit, and books and cigars, and things like that? *Detroit Free Press.*

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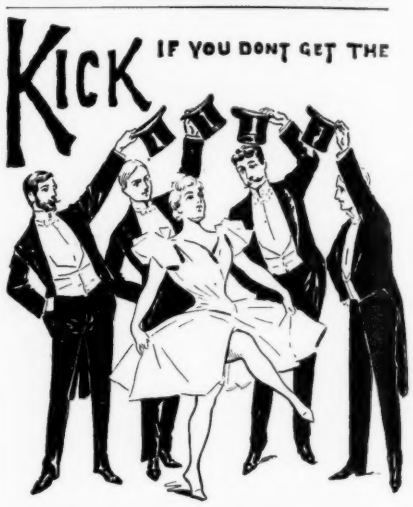

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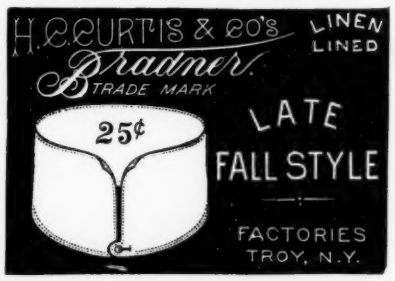

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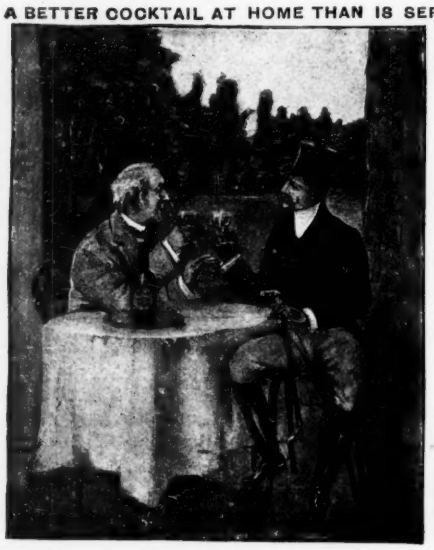

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For everywhere that a delicious Cocktail is appreciated. Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4 oz. bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.
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BACON.—It 's not difficult, nowadays, to get men to do your bidding.

EGBERT.—No; I 've often noticed the dummies about an auction room.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Best and cheapest. 1-lb. box 25c. at dealers. Sample free. G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

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Is selling from Canada
Down to Kentuck.;
The newspaper-dealer proclaims he 's in luck
The while he 's disposing of
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PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
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Him overcoatless trudging through
The streets where once he yelled with glee,
"Say! Is it hot enough for you?"
—*Washington Star.*

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HE. — Have you been engaged before?

SHE. — Not often. You forget that this is my first season. — *New York Weekly.*

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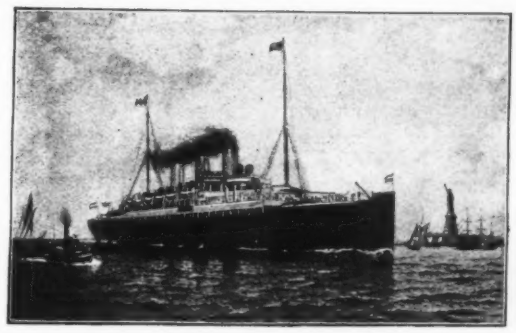

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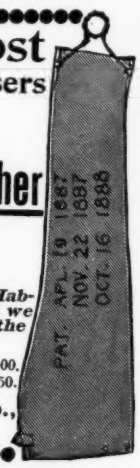

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The race not always is to him
Who hustles 'round and hollers;
Some victors from an office dim
Just ladle out the dollars.
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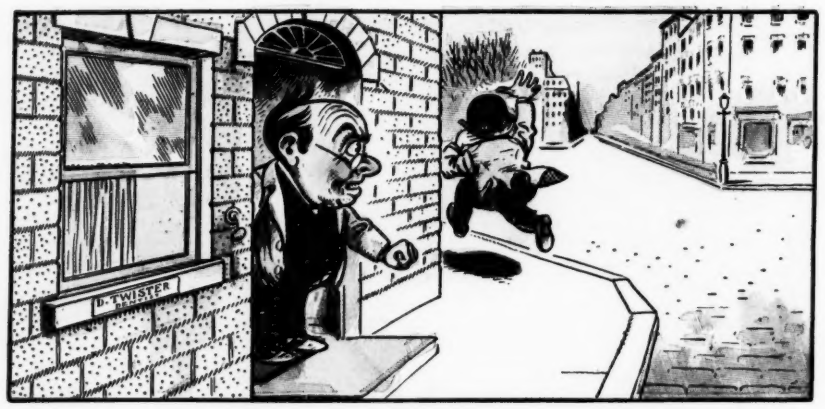
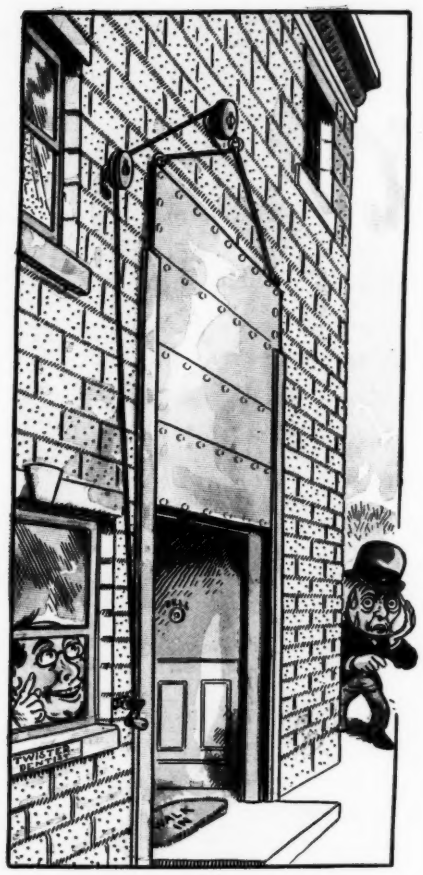
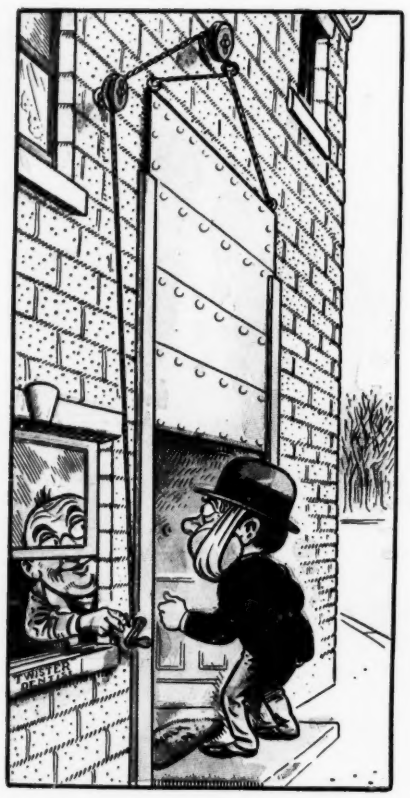
"Ah! Here 's a patient, sure! I 'll go and open the door, quick.



II.
"Confound it! That 's the tenth I 've lost this week, and it 's only Tuesday. They seem to weaken when they get to the door. I 'll fix 'em, though.



III.
"That sheet-iron worker carried my idea out to the letter. Now to see how it will work.



IV.
By Jove! Here 's one now. He 'll have to go inside to reach the bell, and then I 've got him.

V.
VOICE FROM INSIDE OF HALL WAY *(as the door drops).* — HELP! MURDER! Let me out! Let me out!

VI.
DR. TWISTER *(ten minutes later).*— Do you want to take the tooth with you? No? Well, call again!

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